



## Royal Kaytsja



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### Chapter 1 by Magdalene

"Stop," I said shaking my head. "Don't tell me any more."

He stared at me, wide-eyed. "But-but I thought-"

I looked sadly into his blue eyes. "Raider, I was born to be a Kaytsja. The instincts have started to kick in. If you tell me any more, I will have the urge to protect you & I will tell someone. You must tell others, not Kaytsjis or Vigilantes."

He nodded. "You're right, Cassandra. I-I have to go." He blushed & hurried away, diving into the pale white clouds.

I sighed and stared out into the horizon, crossing my legs and wringing my hands. Ever since my protector genes began developing, some secrets I've kept fell into the open & I lost friends.

Being born with a written fate & future shouldn't be this hard. The future should be bright & full, not dotted with holes of lost friends & broken promises. The fate should be beautiful not ... my eyes tested up. Not like mine.

In my wringing hands appeared a letter. The envelope was crisp & new, someone worked hard on it. The seal was the insignia of the King. & inside the letter were words written by the King himself (READ: one of the fifty scribes). And in the words was a message only for my eyes only. About the death of a former Kaytsja, my father. About the lack of protectors in the kingdom.

About how well I was doing in education. About jobs & promotions. And about asked (ordered) to serve the King as his Kaytsja.

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